When he was occupying a palace and directing the affairs of the nation, his

old love, Amelic, was a wrinkled, decrepit old woman, the general drudge of a way-

Ill health had come upon her husband, and though she had strugged bravely to tide over the bad times by taking in

washing, she had not been able to make

headway against the evil fortune which pursued them. Her husband died, and

position she might have occupied had she refused him. When asked if she ever heard

"No, sir. I have written to him several

TOO MUCH FOR THE CANE RACKET.

A Man's Knowledge of the Use of His Fists

Serves Him a Good Turn.

Two gentlemen were chatting together

about many things over a small bottle in a

club. One was a tall, well-built man,

whose chief business in life was to keep

himself in good form. The other was an

admiring friend from the country, who was

listening to the former's tales of metropol-

"Did you ever hear," asked the city man, "about the 'cane racket?" No? Well, then,

I will tell you about one of the closest calls

suppose that I ever had. It was 1 o'clock

in the morning. After the theater I

dropped in here at the club and played a

eral duplicates of my autograph torn from a

and I walked along up town at a swinging

gait. My overcoat was thrown open, show-

ing my dress suit, and in my right hand I carried a fairly heavy stick. I did not keep to the avenues, but to vary the monotony took occasionally a block on the cross

streets in working my way east. I noticed

that there was a man following a short dis-

tance behind me who was very gradually overtaking me, but I did not think much of it. As I turned into Thirty-sixth street he

jaw. He was evidently taken by surprise and off his guard, for he fell sprawling into

"Before he had time to recover himself I

stood over him with my right hand clinched

and lifted. 'Crawl along on your hands and

that cane and hand it to me.' He did that,

too. 'Once more,' I said, 'get on your feet, clasp your hands and hold them out in front of you.' He obeyed sheepishly. 'Now,' I added, 'walk straight along, and if you

dare change, or make a movement to change

"A child could not have been more obedi-

ent than was this supposed ruffian. He

lightning, ready to let it descend with all

my strength and crack his skull, if he showed the least disposition for funny busi-

ness. We advanced this way a little more

than a block when we met a policeman. To

aim I delivered over my captive. I accom-

"'Hello.' said the sergeant at the desk, 'is

seemed very much amused. He began to

poke fun at Jim for being so easily run in

by a dude in a dress suit. Jim's reply was

"When the officers went through Jim'

clothes they found a slung-shot in one of his pockets, as well as a revolver. Had l

stooped to pick up that cane I should, no

"The sergeant warmly congratulated me

on my escape, and on my rendering valuable

He celebrated his return to freedom by

committing a house burglary, and the po-

lice were at that time hunting for him. In

going from one hiding place to another he had run across me, and thought that he

might utilize me, securing my watch and ready money. I had the pleasure of seeing him sent up for ten years. I tell you what it is, it is worth any man's while to know how to box, especially if he is a man who knocks around more or less at night."

FOR CONVENIENCE OF CANDIDATES

How a World of Trouble Could Be Saved by

Signs on the Gate Posts.

If the phalanx of candidates in the field

for nomination had held a convention

when the campaign was young and agreed

upon a system of signs for mutual con-

venience and benefit, they might have ag-

gregated a large saving of time, patience

and expense. Such a system could easily

be expressed either with a jack-knife or pencil-or its signs could be printed and

circulated in the form of stickers. Let us

conceive a few symbols which might have

been artistically and at the same time mys-

teriously posted in the vicinity of various

this man. Have learned that he hasn't ai-

(\*\*\*\*) Good place here to stop for din-ner. O. K. grub and positively no charge. Very fond of their kid. Give it a nickel.

(!!!!) Keep off the grass. Man on the road and away from home most of the time.

Wife and large dog keep house.

& & & & ) Needn't go out to see old

get him to work against you. Everybody down on him, and will turn in and lick any

( + + + + ) Don't go up road to the right.

(\$\$\$\$) This chap would swindle his

mother. Makes a business of bleeding can-

didates, promises to get out the vote for

Not What She Wanted, Anyway.

A woman stopped in front of a hardware

"Were you thinking of buying a gasoline-

"Well, I didn't know. Which does it

"One of the handlest, nicest stoves in the

world, ma'am. Can be placed in any room,

and it is warranted not to smoke nor

smell. Cooks just as well as a regular

stove, and it costs you only 5 cents a day to

"Oh, no, ma'am. It burns gasoline—a fluid. Here is the tank."

a refrigerator being attached to a stove?"

"Isn't there no electricity about it?
"No, ma'am."

"Just simply a stove to cook by?"

"Doesn't it save gas bills?"

"Has it a refrigerator attached?"
"Why, of course not. Who ever heard of

"Dosn't it run by natural gas?"

store on Michigan avenue, the other day,

and began to examine a gasoline-stove.

clerk speedily appeared, and queried:

"Neither, ma'am; it burns gasoline."

each of them, and rarely supports any.

House vacant. Have to let down fence to

- ) Make this fellow hot and

tended a primary for twenty years.

ence to candidate No. 46. Relative.

6 9 9 ) Likes his oil.

codger in back field. Democrat.

one he supports.

Detroit Free Press.

stove, ma'am?"

"Hardly."

"That's all."

burn, wood or coal?"

turn around.

(D) Don't fool away your time with

very complimentary, 'Me ain't no damned

that you Jim? What brought you here?' "I told the sergeant my story, and he

panied them to the station-house.

from the position which I have given you

"It was a mild evening in early autumn,

small game of poker for an hour or two.

from him, she replied:

itan experiences.

pocket check-book.

the gutter.

will brain you.

the sidewalk.

## FRENCH PEOPLE IN CANADA

Their Designs and Hopes, and Influence Upon the Future of the Dominion.

They Are Not Understood by Their English Neighbors-The Reasons That Impel Them to Steadfastly Oppose Annexation.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal: I have just read an article in Sunday's Journal on the danger of the French-Canadian element to English rule or united nationality in Canada. I think that I know something of the French-Canadian and his designs and hopes, and it does not seem to me that the author of the article upon which the editorial comment in question was based, has arrived at the facts in in the case. Amongst a large class of Englishmen and Scotchmen in Canada there exists such a prejudice against the French people that they will not even try to comprehend them. This is not true of all Englishmen, but the class is surprisingly large of which it is true. So far from the French Canadians constituting a present threat to the continuance of English rule in Canada, they are the strong force which maintains that rule and supplies the votes that enable the dominant party, the Crown party, to keep down the fever of annexation, which always affects the business men and business interests of Canada with greater or less violence. If any observing man will make his home for a few years among these French people, make friends of them, talk with them freely and read their newspapers, he will discover why these things are true. Under the treaty by which New France was ceded to England and the acts of concession which the English government found it necessary to make during the next ten or twenty years, the French laws were maintained, and are to-day the laws of the older provinces, where the great bulk of the French population is found. These laws provide for the maintenance of the French language, and it is, alike with English, the language of the Dominion and provincial parliaments, and the language of the courts of justice. M. Bourinot, the chief clerk of the Dominion Parliament, holding his office for life, by appointment of the crown, has a patronage and force of clerks, typewriters and stenographers under his command sufficiently large to render the entire proceedings both in French and English. In all the courts where the English language is spoken sufficiently to demand it, the prothonotors are required to keep the records in both languages. The school-fund is divided, and the French use their portion to maintain schools under the full control of the church, taught by priests and nuns. The old-time privileges of the church are guaranteed, even to taxing the lands of communicants to build churches, parochial schools, convents and monasteries. The Justits and other religious orders are not only tolerated but encouraged, and, only a short time ago, the Quebec Parliament voted a large sum of money-some hundreds of thousands of dollars-directly to the Jesuit fathers, and even English public sentiment did not seem to be greatly outraged by the act. The French priests and politicians, who are, in sympathy and principle, one and the same, are wise enough to know that these things are only possible to them and to their church through the peculiar nature of the ties that bind them to England. They know that annexation

ject in effect-(I canuot quote his exact words from memory:) "The French people very fully realize that that great English amalgamation mill, the United States, would speedily grind the French language and the special French-Catholic privileges to powder." For these reasons the French who are Catholics after the old French type of two hundred years ago, are loyal to England, and are more united by far in opposition to annexation schemes than the English-speaking people. The French Republic has no charms for them. Their papers are bitter in their denuncia-tion of all the modern Republican leaders, from Hugo down. It is not the France of the present that they love. But they do cherish a dream of French domination in Canada, and to that end all the powers of the church and the craft of their politicians is brought to bear. But until they conceive themselves to have sufficient numerical and political strength to establish a Catholic hierarchy—a gov-ernment after the manner of Louis the Great, where the priestly orders should stand next to the government itself in authority, and to which even the Pope might come and resume his old-time power and dominate political affairs as he did before the days of Garibaldi and Victor Emman-

to the United States would be swiftly and

surely fatal to their darling privileges.

The Marquis of Lorne, after having served

for six years as Governor-general of Canada and having made a careful study of

the conditions there, said upon this sub-

uel. It is a dream that will never be realized, but while they wait upon it for fruition they will be true to the rule of England, through the promptings of that hope and the more immediate demands of As to the charge that they will not acquire the English language, the converse of the proposition is true. It is the English o will not acquire the French language.

Bench scholars in Canada almost universally write and speak English with ease. But the English who speak French correctly, or even speak it at all, constitute the exception and not the rule. It is a constant source of complaint with Frenchmen that their English neighbors seem to undervalue and despise their lan-guage. "We take pains to learn the English so that we can converse with them in their own tongue, but they will not learn the French," is the charge that I have heard many a Frenchman make, and realized that it was well founded. There is, however, this to be said in palliation, while many Englishmen can read and write the French, it is very hard for them to learn to converse in it with the French Canadians, because they talk so rapidly, clip their syllables so much, and run one word over another so constantly that about the only way an ability to speak and understand their speech can be acquired is by constant daily contact with them in situations where you must learn the language as they speak it. Very few English men or English children are placed in such situations. I am acquainted with a few gentlemen who, when boys, went out into the French country, lived in French families and attended French schools until they mastered French as it is used among the habitants of the older provinces. Ex-changes are sometimes made, a French boy trading places with an English boy. In such cases the English boy finds himself made as much at home, and cared for as

well, during his stay in the French family as if he were to "the manor born." doubt not that the time is at hand when education and liberal thought begin to affect the trend of French Canadian ideas. Away from the towns these French are a quiet, simple, honest, hospitable but ignorant people. The towns have the same effect upon a certain per cent. of them that they have upon such people everywhere. This effect is noticeable among the negroes of the South, and may be seen in the condition of the unlettered in our own towns and cities. But the march of intelligence is aggressive, and even the French Canadian will be awakened by it out of his Arcadian, or Acadian (which s better) simplicity that trusts his religion, his politics and most of his to the priests, and for the rest is as good, and honest and kind-hearted as such a state of unquesmit. The first influence of a broader intel-

tioning trust and semi-servitude will perligence upon such a people is not likely to make them more lovely in character or make them more lovely in character or more picturesque. In their unique honesty and whole-hearter sospitality, but in the end it must work its excellent material of which the fabric of their character is built, into a broader and nobler manhood and womanhood. I should not like to think that a race which has endured so much and maintained its ascendency against the fearful odds of foreign foes and an unfriendly climate for nearly three centuries is destined to go out like an exhausted taper. I would rather

in the composite civilization that makes the United States the true representative government of mankind. BENJ. S. PARKER.

NEW CASTLE, Ind., May 15. Written for the Sunday Journal. The Song of Charmian.

Stay, let me kneel before thee,
Here in the chamber door,
I would tell thee a secret that haunts me, For thy face I may see no more; While the minstrels below are playing
And throned in the rose-heaped hall,
Weak Antony sups with Egypt,
And Eros is lord of all.
The dead king's emeralds sleeping
On her bosom's soft paradise,
Catch light from the lamps above her
And blaze like the cobra's eyes;
Till the Roman gazing upon her
As the earth on the royal sup.

As the earth on the royal sun, Grows faint and sighs to the roses, "Ab, when will the feast be done?"

Thus thy rival rules in thy palace, Whilst thou, O uncrowned king, Must flee away in the darkness scorned and dishonored thing; Thy people are led to bondage Far under the desert sky, Slain are thy faithful kinsmen. And 'twas I who betrayed thee-L. Stay, thou shalt listen, Harmachis, Tear not thy hands away, Wait till the story is ended, And then, if thou darest, slay. Dark, dark is the soul of Charmian,

As the halls of Amenti be.

For the curse of the gods o'ertook me, When I loved, and was scorned by thee. Let the cloud of my hair fall softly, And cover this guilty face,— Thee did my fond heart worship In its high and its holy place; Lo, I saw in a radiant vision The gold of the Double Crown, The Cross of Life and the scepter

Of Khem at thy feet cast down.
While I, Cleopatra's bondmaid,
Set free by thy gracious hand,
Ruled as a queen beside thee O'er the pleasant Egyptian land. Sweet was the dream, O Harmachis, But soon the awakening came-Stung by thy scorn I sold thee, And the Roman hath mocked thy shame.

Oh, love is a mighty passion, And hate is a loathesome thing. Say, dost thou recall that banquet Where with roses I crowned thee king? While the gay court ladies jested, And the nobles drank long and deep, Not knowing the sword hung o'er them And the harvest was ripe to reap; Yet e'en as the light queen's roses Hung blushing about thy head, I marked thee shrink from her glances And the brown of thy cheek turn red; Tell me, dost thou remember How her eyes with false tears grew wet?
Art silent! Now, by Osiris,
I swear thou dost love her yet.

Nay, nay, I am mad—but hearken: Let the story be told—that night, Swiftly I climbed to thy star tower While the gardens below shone white; The roof of the strange god's temple, The lake and the palace towers, Lay bathed in the moony splendor, And the warm air was sweet with flowers Love all around seemed breathing, But, behold, at the palace gate,
Our friends were awaiting the signal
Which should seal Cleopatra's fate,
Yet she slumbered, and dreamed of new

And thou—yea, I found thee there. In the star tower, holding the rose wreath She had worn in her scented hair.

A noise, as of many waters, I heard, and the hot blood swept Swift through my veins, as trembling Close unto thy feet I crept; Honor and shame forgetting, Oh, in words that were burning with passion

I poured forth my love for thee. Lover and lord I called thee, And in the soft hush between Lifted the thin, blue dagger That should drink the blood of the queen; Proudly I hailed thee Pharach, And swore by the gods above. That out of the deed should blossom Our glorious flower of love.

Madly my heart awaited
The answer thy lips found meet—
As in a dream I remember That some reveler sang in the street. But the music jarred on the silence— "Speak, Harmachis, speak," I said. But thou—thou did'st laugh o'er the roses That had crowned Cleopatra's head. Thou did'st laugh-Oh ourse me not.

Harmachis, For that terrible night is o'er; There kneeling I heard thee whisper I was "but a friend-no more." That instant all things grew loathesome, And behold, as I crouched at thy feet, Mocked by thy cold indifference. Shorn of all life held sweet.

I swore to avenge the insult,
And rising, I passed from sight,
Down from that cursed star-tower, Into the calm white night.

A mist of blood swam before me. As swiftly I sought the queen; While the sound of thy mocking laughter seemed blown through the hush between-Honor-our gods-our kindred-The glory of Khem, were naught-Harmachis, then I betrayed thee,

But my vengeance was dearly bought.

Doomed to stand by beholding

The kisses I might not share, To watch Cleopatra twining The Lotus flowers in thy hair; To feel thou wert hers, hers only, Oblivious of scorn or blame.

While the priests and the people cursed thee Who had bartered a crown for shame Black was my crime, O Harmachis, So now 'ere thou fleest away, Thou, Cleopatra's lover. Unsheath the sword and slay.

Ah, what hath poor Charmian to live for When honor and love are done,

And the splendor that gilds her country Is the light of its setting sun! Bow down, O throneless Pharaoh, See'st thou my bosom is bare! Here is the heart that loved thee, Drive home the bright sword thereet-kiss me but once-then slay me-For I swear by the gods above, That to die by thy hand were sweeter Than to live on without thy love.

-Elvira Sydnor Miller. Written for the Sunday Journal. Ballade of the Black Man.

The blindfold goddess hath no part or care
In party strife. She simply bids the black
Man vote, and threatens ill to all who dare Oppose her plan. For centuries, alack! She let the bondman hear the slave whip crack. Ere time should ripen and the shadows fiee, Redemption shine out, and oppression slack, That black men might be men among the free.

Across the North she flashed a righteous glare Of wrath, supplied with patriot zeal the lack Of standing armies, lit the awful flare Of war, 'mid havoe hurled her fierce attack, And through the South, with battle-rout and

Of city, traversed mountain-land and lea, With desolation in her bloody track, That black men might be men among the free.

But since the Union's day of grateful prayer, When hard by Appomattox many a stack Of arms received the kisses of the air Of peace, a blasted ballot and the clack Of triggers have replaced the bloodhound

Among a remnant of the past, who see
To it, by many a crooked, impious knack,
That black men be not men among the free.

O, hero of Resaca, break the rack Of ballot fraud; and future hosts to theo Will sing their gatitude and praises back When black men shall be men among the free. -Tucker Woodson Taylor.

Written for the Sunday Journal. Lily Leaves. The lily leaves are but the dreamy crafts. Of water-gods, that wait the coming tide To waft them out across the ocean wide, To where the sun of plenty ever laughs, And they shall drain the mirth-provoking

Through days of bliss. The pilot sleeps beside His helm, and winds and waves that never bide For lulling dreams go by like aimless shafts. Forevermore they ride at anchor, while Across the sea, unknown to mortal sight. Arises in their vision that sweet isle. With flowery hills and valleys of delight, And brimming goblets, waiting to beguile Their sorrow with red bubbles blinking bright.

-Alonzo Leora Rice. Hard on the Editor.

There are few things in life more depressing than for the editor of a newspaper, who has been writing learned editorials on the marriage laws for several weeks, to re-ceive a letter asking if he will be so kind as the watchmaker. His fury knew no bounds. to inform the writer whether or not our laws on marriage are what they should be; and the depression is nowise alleviated by the fact that the letter is signed, "Constant Reader."

His Misfortune.

Washington Post. Poet (to editor)-Well, sir, I hope that last poem of mine pleased you. I followed your suggestion and got as far away from

and an unfriendly climate for nearly three centuries is destined to go out like an exhausted taper. I would rather hope that with larger light and less priestly dominations the French-Canadian race may hereafter become an important factor later than the product as far away from he told her what had happened she railed at him as the murderer of her lover, and told him never to let her see his face again. In six weeks' time she became the bride of the man who had braved death for her sake, and soon afterward Bernadotte left Greno-

WOMEN WHO LOST CROWNS.

Napoleon Rejected by a Widow-Bernadotte's Love for a Girl Who Became a Drudge.

Chambers's Journal. Early in his career the great Napoleon fell in with an ardent revolutionist, M. Paul Francois Barras, who took a great liking to the young Corsican, and conceived the highest opinion of his abilities and of the powers which events proved he possessed in so remarkable a degree. But in the opinion of Barras, Napoleon's want of means was a most serious obstacle to his

chance of achieving fame, and he proposes

to remedy this by selecting for him a rich

Barras chose for this position a woman who, though still undeniably handsome, was no longer young. Though she was called Mlle. Montansier, she was in reality a widow, who, because she had been on the stage, had never adopted the name of her husband. She was sixty years of age, but it was said that she made herself appear to be not more than forty by the intimate knowledge that she possessed of the secrets

of the toilet table. To introduce Napoleon and Mlle. Montansier Barras gave a supper, to which they were both invited. He so arranged matters that they were placed together at the table, and hoped that this precaution, added to the injunctions which he had given to Napoleon to behave for once in his life with some show of civility to a lady, would have the happiest result. Napoleon was quite the last man to rely

upon in such a respect. His manners toward the fair sex were those of a costermonger, and though he could generally hold his own in a conversation with men, he was entirely without the knack of making himself interesting or agreeable to women. He felt that his place was in the camp or the field, and he was quite out of his element among the conventionalities of a salon. Had he been inclined to woo, it would have been in a straightforward, soldier-like fashion, not with the dallyings and compliments so dear to the French

woman of his time. So presently Barras had the mortification of seeing Mile. Montansier, her back turned to Napoleon, engaging in a lively conversation with the gentleman on her other side, while the future conqueror was making, on the table before him. Hardly a word passed between the two during the remainder of the meal.

Supper over, Barras drew Napoleon aside, and spoke forcibly to him of the foolish way in which he was throwing away his chances. "You know," said he, "that money is everything to you; here are a million francs, and you will not stretch out your hand to take them; a most at-tractive woman, and you will not show her the smallest gallantry. Mile. Moutansier has come here this evening prepared to hear a declaration from you. Strike while the iron is hot, and win the wealth that you cannot do without at one bold stroke." "The woman is old enough to be my grandmother," said Napoleon, who was

then twenty-five years old: "but that is no matter, for to me all women are alike. Money is what I want, and if I cannot get it without a wife, I must take the two together. I am no coiner of pretty speeches, but before the evening is over I will say to her, 'Mademoiselle, are you willing to accept me as your husband?' More than that I cannot do."

"The very kind of proposal that any woman would expect from a blunt soldier." replied Barras. "Say that, and I desire no more. You are to be envied, for, besides her wealth, Mademoiselle is very handsome Napoleon turned away with a gesture of

impatience; but half an hour later Barras

noticed that the two were alone together

in a recess. Presently Napoleon got up and went away, and the lady beckoned to Barras with her fan. "Take away that dreadful little man," she said with a shudder; "he has bored me to death, and I only prevented him from proposing by sending him for a glass of

"But why prevent him?" said Barras. "He will be a great man yet." "Give myself and my money to such a little horror, such an ill-mannered boor as that!" replied Mademoiselle. "Never! I would sooner take the first beggar in the streets. What have I done that I should be given such a wretched evening. Don't let your-

But at this moment she was checked by the arrival of Napoleon with the lemonade. Barras hurried away, still hoping for the best; but soon he saw at the other end of the room Bonaparte standing in the attitude in which he has so often been depicted, with arms folded and his chin sunk upon them.

"Well, are you to be married?" he said hastening toward his protege. "That old actress," said Napoleon, "that female Crossus, refused me before I had opened my mouth to ask her hand. I was on the point of speaking, as I told you I should speak, when she began to inform me | doubt, have received a playful tap on my that her wealti was the cause of her con- head that would have left me sleeping on stantly receiving offers from adventurers, who cared nothing for herself; that she thanked Providence she had so far seen through such fellows, and that she was resolved to keep her independence. I was that 'Jim.' otherwise known as 'Pimply glad I had not spoken, for it gave me the | Jim.' was a recent graduate of Sing Sing. opportunity of saying: 'Mademoiselle, pray persevere in that praiseworthy intention: it is one which I am sure no one will ever try to persuade you to alter.' Let her keep her millions to bait the hook for some one else. I have done with her."

In after days Mile. Montansier was fond of boasting that, had she chosen, she might have been Empress of France and wife of the most famous man of the age.

When the people of Grenoble, in 1788, were preparing for the revolution, Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, afterward King of Sweden and Norway, was quartered in the town. At that time he was a simple sergeant, distinguished by the attention he paid to his military duties, by his skill at cards and by his popularity with the fair sex. On the famous "Day of the Tiles," when the women of Grenoble mounted on to the roofs and assailed the troops with a storm of tiles. Bernadotte was with his regiment in

the Rue Pertuistere. There were cries from one house top to another to spare the popular sergeant; but, in spite of the good intentions of the assailants, he received a blow on the head which stretched him apparently lifeless on the ground. But presently he showed some signs of life, and was carried into a neighboring cafe, where he was laid upon a table, which is shown to this day. A surgeon was called, and the wounded man showed such signs of vitality under his treatment that it was soon evident that he was preserved for some other fate than that of Pyrrhus. As he recovered his senses, Bernadotte slowly raised himself on one elbow, and, looking at the faces crowded in the doorway, was attracted by one, that of a beautiful young girl. whose big blue eyes were suffused with tears of pity for him. But faintness overcame him, and when he again recovered the sympathizing face was

Bernadotte was not long in getting over the effects of the blow that had prostrated him, and when he was quite recovered he lost no time in endeavoring to find the maiden whose face he remembered like that of some pitying angel. For weeks his search was in vain, but one day, as he was walking along and trying in vain to persuade himself of the futility of the search, he raised his eyes, and there before him was the face which had haunted himforsolong. The girl walked past him without recogniz-ing the wounded sergeant of the "Day of the Tiles." He followed her, and, entering her home, made himself known to her parents and offered himself as a candidate for

the hand of their daughter. At first the fair Amelie was well enough pleased to receive the attentions of the smart young soldier; but after a while a rival suitor appeared on the scene, and, as he was the owner of a watchmaking establishment that yielded a comfortable income, his protestations of love sounded sweeter to her ears than those of the penniless sous-officer. At last the day came when Bernadotte was met on the threshold by her mother, who informed him that Amelie rival and challenged him to a duel. The civilian was no coward, and they met the same evening; but the watch-maker was no match for Bernadotte, who was considered one of the crack swordsmen of his regiment, and, after the exchange of a few passes, be fell with a severe wound in his

The victorious soldier hoped that now Amelie would listen to his suit, but when he told her what had happened she railed

ble and began the career that landed him on

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Ten years ago a good buffalo head sold for \$15 to \$40. The price now ranges from A firm in Nashua, N. H., has received an order from England for 500,000 feet of kiln-

dried hard timber. A private dinner given at Delmonico's, New York, recently, cost \$16,000. The floral

decorations alone cost \$3,000. A tree was felled recently at Tillamook, Ore., that was 120 feet long, while the butt measured only one foot through.

she sank to the lowest level of dependence.

Amelie was fond of repeating the story of her earlier days, and used to say: "Ah, sir, I should have done much better in marrying M. Bernadotte. Ah! I made a sad mistake, for I assure you, sir, that M. Bernadotte was no common man, and I always had a sad mistake. The money annually spent for cosmetics by the women of this country would paint 17,000 houses, allowing \$75 for each house. A trout fourteen inches long fell from a cloud into the yard of Mr. Daniel, at Tampa, Fla., a day or two ago. It was still alive when picked up. had a presentiment that he would dis-tinguish himself. But when we are young we do not reflect, though I do not think that many can have been punished for their thoughtlessness by the loss of a

The Marquis De Talleyrand built a honse on the St. John's river, Florida, in 1793, which is still standing and is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Paulinson. All remembrance of her husband's devotion seemed to have been driven from the woman's head by brooding over the grand A child of six, in Manchester, Me., drank half a pint of whisky that had been ob-

tained for medicinal purposes, and two days after died of alcoholic poisoning. Ex-Sheriff Lazelle, of Eaton county, Michigan, has two big wheat crops in his granary which he proposes to hold until the price reaches the dollar mark.

times since he became a king, but he has never answered my letters. Perhaps he is still annoyed at my having refused him." A citizen of St. Augustine, Fla., was at-What an illustration of the workings of fate! The woman who might have shared tracted by a racket in his fireless stove. and on removing the cover an owl hopped out. It had come down the chimney. Bernadotte's throne longing for his washing, and prevented from obtaining even this by her extreme poverty.

Forty laborers at Los Angeles, Cal., have formed a co-operative company and taken a sewer contract. They get 15 cents an hour for eight hours and an equal division of the profits. Charles Abernathy, of Brownstown, a village in Manistee county, Michigan, has built himself a fiddle out of walnut, oak,

beech, maple and cedar, containing 5,500 pieces of wood. A fond mother in Baltimore, after searching over nearly the entire town, Monday, for her missing four-year-old child, went into the bedroom and there found the little

one sound asleep. An official statement sets down the number of wolves in Russia at 170,000; it is further stated that the loss caused by the destruction of sheep and swine by wolves is so great that it cannot be even approximately estimated.

The piece of crown glass, forty inches in diameter and two and one-half inches thick, made in Paris for the object glass of a telescope for the University of Southern California will require two years' labor to turn into a finished lens.

In an article going the rounds of the press, and headed "Friday for Luck," the following item appears: "Friday, April 8 1646, the first known newspaper advertisement was published in the Imperial Intelligencer, in England." A pretty incident accompanied the shower

of rice at a recent wedding. As the depart ing couple were showered with rice a flock of city sparrows swooped down and covered the pavement, and before they flew brushed by me, knocking my cane out of my hand. It fell a foot or so in front.

"Despite his muttered 'Excuse me,' it passed through my mind in a minute that it was done purposely. I did not wait for a second thought. I turned upon him and let him have a left-hander right under the away not a grain of rice was left. A remarkable trout died recently near Kelso, Scotland. Its dead body was found in a covered well only a few feet in depth.

The tradition is that, some thirty-two years ago this fish was taken from the Tweed, placed in the well, and lived there until its death. Two savage bulls, owned in Truckee, Cal., got into a fight a few days ago. While they were struggling with locked horns they stepped on the covering of an old well and both fell into the water. It

knees,' said I, 'antil you get opposite where that cane is lying.' He did so. 'Now,' said I, 'while you keep your left hand on the ground, reach out with your right, pick up took hours to haul them out. One of them was rescued alive. The London Zoological Society possesses a white peacock. The bird preserves the markings which distinguish the species, particularly the large eye-like spots on the tail feathers. The effect of these spots is remarkable. They are exactly like the pat-

tern on a damask tablecloth.

It is an interesting fact that in Columbia, where potatoes form the chief food of the people, and where potato disease runs riot very often, the greater the altitude at walked along with his clasped hands held in front of him, slowly, like a blind man feeling his way, while I walked behind him, gripping with both hands the upraised cane, in the attitude of Ajax defying the which the vegetable is grown the less is it liable to the disease, and at 9,000 feet above the sea it grows in a perfectly healthy Of 2,758 duels fought in Italy during

eleven years, 1,141 terminated by insignificant wounds, 1,400 by wounds speedily healed, and fifty only by wounds subsequently producing death. It is shown that nearly all the duels take place in the hot months and in the very early morning

A school-boy recently scalded his leg from knee to toe. As there were no signs of healing, the attending surgeon chloroformed a greyhound puppy to death, shaved his body, skinned it, and grafted the skin on the boy's leg. The healing was rapid, and the color of the grafted skin was uniform and very similar to that of the normal skin. A remarkable coincidence is reported from West Virginia. A census of Elm Grove was taken Friday, preparatory to incorporating the village as a town, with the following result: Number of males over twenty-one years of age, 148; number of males under twenty-one years of age, 148; number of females over sixteen years of age, 148; number of females under sixteen years of age, 148; grand total, 592.

There is said to be a plant in Arabia with flowers of bright yellow, and with seeds which are like black beans, and these dried and powdered and taken in small doses cause a person to dance about and behave like a funatic till he becomes exhausted and falls asleep. When he awakes he has not the smallest remembrance of his ridiculous behavior. The plant is called a "laughing plant."

A curious medical case was shown at a meeting of the alumni of Bellevue Hospital, New York, last week. The patient was a five-year-old boy, whose lower jaw was locked in a way that made eating in the ordinary fashion out of the question. In fact, the youngster kept himself alive and apparently fairly comfortable by poking food into his mouth through a hole caused by the loss of two teeth.

MRS. LANGTRY'S LATEST. The Jersey Lily Has Suddenly Become a Sin-

cere Devotee of Religion.

I have received a private letter from England, which rambles on in a decidedly interesting way concerning a remarkable change which is said to have come over Mrs. Langtry. The letter was written by a man of very wide acquaintance in London, who goes pretty much everywhere and who is usually accredited with accuracy in any statements he may make. According to him the Jersey Lily has made a remarkable and complete revolution in her ideas of life. She has become more or less religious and has such a strong leaning toward the established forms of devotion that her presence in some of the smaller chapels of London is frequently noted. Mrs. Lang-try, according to my infurmant, has not experienced anything that might be called religious fanaticism, and her sudden swerve in the direction of the church is not the result of one of those erratic impulses to which women of high-strung emotional natures are subject. The quiet, placid, almost bovine nature of this famous woman has never been disturbed by any violent æsthetic emotions of any sort. Her thoughts have turned toward religion, and her convictions are apparently deep and sincere. "There is no suggestion of parade in it at all," the letter says. "Mrs. Lang-try's devotions seem to be a sudden return, or perhaps a development of her early religious training. People who know Mr. Langtry well believe that the two will some day come together again. He is a most common-place man, and it is not regarded as by any means improbable that he will be willing to become the husband of this famous woman again in truth as well as in name."

The sudden evidences of devotion on Mrs. angtry's part come very close upon the heels of the hot, seething storm of religious zeal which is sweeping over Sarah Bernhardt's life. Only in her case the public is asked to believe too much to accept in good faith her external evidences of religious

Daughters of the Prince of Wales. Eugene Field, in Chicago News. The youngest of the daughters, Princess Maud, is the best looking of the three,

bearing a fairly close likeness to her mother. All three are said to have inherited their royal grandma's temper, and amusing stories are told of the discipline which has had to be resorted to at times in order to keep the willful young women in check.
Within the year the Princess Maud (now past twenty) has been sent to bed without her supper because she rabelled against one of the domestic rules. They say that the way in which Aunt Beatrice's husband, "Well, I don't want one. Can't amount to very much, I guess. I'm looking along here for a second-hand clothes-horse. Good Prince Henry, of Battenberg, is snubbed by his nieces is simply brutal.

Gun Wa refers, by permission, to any of the following-named people, each of whom have granted permission to Gun Wa to use their names as reference, they having been cured by the Chinese Herb Remedies-some of them of complicated diseases of long standing. Others among the number had been pronounced incurable by American doctors. They are now well and happy to be granted the opportunity of testifying to the great benefit they have received. The list of cures number among them four cases of cancer, two of consumption, several of complicated female weakness, rheumatism, catarrh, paralysis, blood poisoning, kidney and bladder trouble, chronic dyspepsia, constipation, dropsy, nervousness, malignant, ulcers, tumors, goitre, sciatica, neuralgia, tape-worm, malaria, etc., and the various diseases that afflict mankind.

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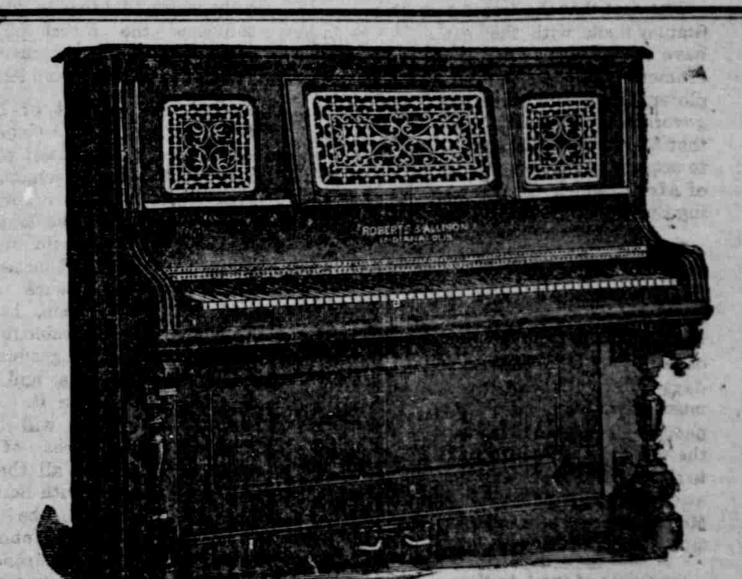
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